UNWILLING TO BE POLLED.

Jury That Felt Apprehensive of the Result of Its Verdict.

"Some years ago I was prosecuting attorney down in North Carolina," said Judge W. F. Lockett, of that State, at the Hotel Page. "A colored citizen of bad antecedents had been indicted by the Grand Jury and was on trial for the larceny of some hogs. There wasn't a doubt of his guilt, for he had been taken red-handed in possession of the stolen swine.

"The prisoner had no money to pay an attorney, so the Court appointed a young lawyer who, up to that time, had never had a case, to defend the accused. The youngster wasn't lacking in shrewdness, so he called for a jury of colored men, as he had the right to do under the law. I then went forward, introduced conclusive testimony to establish the guilt of the prisoner, and sat down without making any speech, for it was too plain a case to call for an argument. But my legal opponent got up and made a fiery harangue. He wasn't an impressive looking man, nature having denied him all physical graces, and endowed him, moreover, with a pair of circular-shaped legs that caused all the small boys in the community to jeer aloud when he appeared on the streets. But he had talented lungs, and these he exercised with good effect for his client that day.

"The jury of his peers wasn't out over ten minutes when they came back with a verdict of 'not guilty.' Everybody was astonished, and the Judge's face reddened with indignation. Then he let out and told the jurymen in plain English what he thought of a set of men who would render such a travesty on justice. In conclusion he said: 'I guess I will have this jury polled,' and was about to give an order to that effect when the foreman, a great, strapping fellow, a plantation hand, black as the ace of spades, rose evidently in great mental perturbation, and said:

"'No, Jedge, yer Honah, please don't poll us—poll dat little bow-legged lawyer over dere: he was de one what told us to find Bill Jones not guilty.'"—Washington Post.

The New Man.

"Here," she said, impressively, "I have a book personally descriptive of American female writers and their admirable contributions to literature."

"I shall take it,—" he began.

She beamed, and opened her order book.

—"if," he continued, suavely, "it does not say of a certain writer: 'She is prouder of her pork pies than of her poems.'"

"I—I believe in one biography there is mention of something of the sort."

"Is there an assertion that another author pays attention to every detail of her housework and takes particular pains that dust shall never be permitted to gather in her domain?"

"I—I think there is."

"Does one paragraph declare that a well-known novelist makes a boast of darning her table damask with No. 150 thread?"

"I recall a reference to that effect."

"And is it averred of another celebrity that she fashions and remodels her gowns with such skill that her neighbors and associates believe them Parisian-made?"

"That is, indeed, said of a brilliant poetess."

"And is it also asserted in any part that a popular woman of the pen takes more pleasure in the knowledge that the suppers prepared in the chafing-dish by her own hands are exceedingly successful than in the popularity of her novels?"

"There" (faintly) "is something of the sort."

"So I supposed. When you bring me a book dealing with what women have done in literature without any apology for their having presumed to do it I shall gladly buy the volume. I have not read that Ruskin put his ability for chopping kindling-wood above his brilliant criticism. I never heard that the chief argument in favor of Howells was his deftness in putting up stovepipes. It is yet to be announced that Riley takes less pride in his poems than in whitewashing a cellar. There may be people who think that a compensatory domestic sop should be offered to the Cerberus of mediocrity by every woman who ventures to send her soul beyond the four walls of the kitchen. But such people would not buy the book anyway. They would borrow it. They shall not borrow it from me. Good-morning!"—Puck.

A Born Diplomat.

Charley was caught napping on the porch of the summer resort. A pair of soft, little hands covered his eyes, and a sweet voice commanded: "Guess who it is."

Nothing very dreadful for Charley in this, you think; but, then, you don't know that Charley was engaged to two girls, and, for the life of him, couldn't decide which voice it was, which made it a very embarrassing situation for Charley. A wrong guess would lead to complications awful to think of. But a happy thought inspired Charley, and he announced: "It's the dearest, sweetest little girl in all the world."

"Oh, you lovely boy!" gurgled the satisfied one, as she removed her hands.

And now Charley thinks of applying for a foreign ministry, feeling that his talents would be wasted in any other diplomatic field.—Puck.

One Limitation.

Yeast—I expect to live to see the day when the bicycle will take the place of the horse entirely.

Crimsonback—Well, I don't. They'll never be able to make frankfurter sausages out of the bicycle. — Yonkers Statesman.

Onto Him.

Old Sagely—Young man, when I was your age I though, like you, that I knew it all; but now I have reached the conclusion that I know nothing.

Young Swift—Huh! I reached that conclusion about you a long time ago.—Puck.

Next Morning.

"Paw," asked Johnny, "what grows in a beer garden?"

"The head, my son," groaned Mr. Jagway, applying some more pounded ice.—Chicago Tribune.

In the Twentieth Century.

Ella—Isn't that book that you are reading a wicked one?

Stella—No; it's not exactly bad, but I shouldn't care to have my father or brother read it.

MISS JONES.

You may mention her name, but it never conveys
An idea of the exquisite tones
Of her voice or her sparkling, bewildering ways,
For her name—it is simply, "Miss Jones!"

It gives you no hint of her golden-brown hair;
Of her eyes that outshine precious stones;
Of the flash of her wit, or her highly bred air,
When they merely allude to "Miss Jones."

It leaves you to guess at the men in her train,
And her suitors' expiring groans;
At the charm that proves fatal to many a swain
Unexpected in every-day "Jones."

But when you have seen the effect of her glance
On raw youth or decrepit old bones,
You'll admit that a knight never shattered a lance
For a "Queen of the Lists" like "Miss Jones."

If her name could be changed, what a gain it woul be—
A fact which she cheerfully owns;
But, at present, you see, she's confided to me,
She prefers to stay simply — "Miss Jones!"

—Harry Romaine, in Life.

THE CAMELIAS.

The Hon. Mrs. Maltravers.
Fraser, her Gardener, ancient, autocratic, and well-meaning.
Scene: A Conservatory.

Mrs. Maltravers—"It is very singular, Fraser, that we shouldn't have a single camelia. Now Sir Francis' houses—I saw them only the other day—are full of them."

Fraser—"There's a wulgarity, mum, about camelias as it doesn't surprise me Sir Francis—begging your pardon if he's a partickler friend of yours—should have a heap of 'em. A nasty, showy shrub is a camelia, to my thinking, mum. As gaudy as you please for a little; but pick 'em, and in ten minutes they're as brown as brown—and no good for nothing. It's hallegorical, to my thinking, mum."

Mrs. Maltravers—"Allegorical! What in the world do you mean, Fraser?"

Fraser—"Well, mum, it's this: Sir Francis' walet tells master's walet, and master's walet he tells me, as how Sir Francis has lost a lot of money lately, and, camelias or no camelias, ain't half as rich as you'd think. 'Took to the turf,' says master's walet to me only this very morning. 'No fortun'll stand that, Chawls,' says I, sententious like. 'I believe you, Mr. Fraser,' says he. 'It's a pore lookout for our Miss Lyddy,' says I, 'as they're going to marry to Sir Francis, and I'll make it my dooty to let the missus know his goings on.'"

Mrs. Maltravers (with dignity)—"Really, Fraser, you are excessively kind to busy yourself so much with my—private affairs. Let me recommend you to look after your own business—which very sorely needs your attention—a little more, and mine a little less. You do not know, perhaps, that your candor is something very like impertinence."

Fraser—"No, mum, I don't. I'm that fond of Miss Lyddy (as favors my own girl, who died when keeping company with Mr. Jones, the undertaker, as was in a nice way of business, mum, and buried the county families) as I'd do anything for her. Sir Francis ain't good enough for our Miss, and that's the truth. And Miss Lyddy—do she care for Sir Francis? You take my word for it, mum, not a jot. Why, when he give his grand ball, I meet Miss Lyddy a-sauntering slow-like on that very lawn, and says she to me, 'I suppose I must have some flowers to wear this evening, Fraser.' And says I, agreeing ready: 'You shall, Miss. Will you have them there white 'zaleas, or steffynotis, or vilets? Name your flower, Miss, and I'll do it.' 'Oh, I don't care thank you, Fraser,' says she with her smile, only tired like. 'It don't much matter. Send me whatever you will miss least.' Now, that's unnateral, mum. My idea is, when a young woman's in love, greenhouses and the delicatest of plants and the feelings of hall the gardeners in creation ain't nothing to her. Why, Miss Lyddy herself, when the Captain was a-staying up at the house, treated them pots o' lilies of the walley cruel. Lilies for her nosegay, and lilies to put in her frock, and lilies (which was wicked) to pin, quite senseless, on her fan. And all a-cause, I suppose, of the Captain saying to her one day—I heard him, though busy pruning—'Lilies are your flower, Miss Maltravers. I never like to see you wear any other.' Or som'at like that."

Mrs. Maltravers (frigidly)—"You seem to know a great deal more about my daughter's feelings than I do, Fraser. I must really beg that you will keep your information to yourself."

Fraser—"No, mum, I can't. Sorry as I am to disoblige a lady as has been always considerate—except for asking occasional for flowers and coocumbers out of season—I must say my mind about Miss Lyddy and Sir Francis. If Sir Francis were sure of his money I shouldn't have spoke. Money's a nice thing, mum. I'm not going to say—tho' she don't think so—that if Sir Francis had been all tight and snug it mightn't have made up to her in time for losing the Captain. But it ain't. It ain't at all. His walet is an honest-spoken gentleman, and he says to our Chawls: 'You take my word, Chawls,' says he, 'we shall have a bust-up at our place afore long.' And so they will."

Mrs. Maltravers—"May I ask if you are presuming to offer me advice as to whom Miss Lyddy is to marry?"

Fraser—"No, mum, not yet; but I'm coming to it. If you and master ain't above listening to an old fellow who is nigh upon as fond of her as you are, I say let her have her Captain. He ain't got much, cook tells me. But what he has is sure. And as I said to my Pollie when the undertaker was a-walking with her: 'It ain't wealth Jones has, Mary, but it's sure. Now pictures (there was a picture dealer as had been a-dangling after her), they may go out of fashion or they may stay in. Goodness knows. But die people must, fashion or no fashion. And be undertook they must also—by the laws of the land. It's the same with Miss Lyddy's Captain. And she's ond of him—which don't count for much in the hupper classes I'm aware, but is useful, uncommon useful."

Mrs. Maltravers (a little less sarcastically)—"May I ask, Fraser, what reasons you have for thinking Miss Lydia is—attached to Captain Wetherley?"

Fraser—"Reasons, mum? There was the hincident of the lilies. That came fust. And after that I seed them, dozens o' times—when you was a-driving in the afternoons, principal—a-sitting on that seat near the border which I was a-bedding out. Miss Lyddy—she don't say much. She hangs down her pretty head and a color like one of them carnations comes into her pretty cheeks. And she says, 'Yes, George,' and 'No, George,' once or twice, uncommon soft. And the Captain he talk and persuade her. 'You'll be brave, Lydia, won't you?' and she says, 'You don't know how I dread seeing Sir Francis.' 'Hang Sir Francis,' says the Captain, and she cries, 'Hush, George!' very gentle and shocked. That's how I know, mum. And by the way she looked at him, with eyes all dim and soft like Pollie's."

Mrs. Maltravers—"I think you mean well, Fraser. I believe you are fond of Miss Lydia. So that you will be glad to hear your master and I shall do nothing—have never intended to do anything—to force her inclinations. You—are—quite sure about Sir Francis'—monetary difficulties, I suppose, Fraser?"

Fraser—"As sure as sure, mum. It's been a good deal discussed—in our class. Is it true, mum, as the upper housemaid tell Chawls, that the Captain is a-staying in the vi—cinity and a-purpose to get a glimpse of our Miss?"

Mrs. Maltravers—"Really, Fraser, I don't know. We can't all be as omniscient as you are. But if he is——"

Fraser—"Well, if he is, mum, you tell Miss Lyddy, with my duty and respects, as the lilies are coming on prime, and it isn't Fraser as 'll say she shan't pick some of 'em—aye, strip the beds shameful as she did afore—for the sake of her Captain."—M. and T., in Black and White.

Yankee Whist.

Old whist players will probably be surprised to know that it is possible to play a very interesting and scientific game of whist with only two players. "Double dummy" and "single dummy" were never very popular with the votaries of this game and were classed in with old maid and casino and other games which allow time for gossip during the play. The new game, while not so interesting or so scientific, fills in very well where there are not four players to make up a regular game, and gives a very good opportunity for a display of skill. It is generally known as Yankee whist, and, as in option whist, all disputes about your partner's play and the possibility of drawing a poor partner, are done away with. In playing the game the whole pack of cards is used. First deal two cards, alternately, first to your opponent and then to yourself. These cards are kept separate from the other piles. Then deal the cards face down in twenty-four piles, twelve in front of the non-dealer and twelve in front of the dealer. Next deal the rest of the pack face upward on each of the twenty-four piles already dealt. Each player will then have twelve packs of two each in front of him. The two cards first dealt are taken up and looked at. Then the non-dealer looks at the two cards in his or her hand and the twelve face up on the board and names the trump, whatever suit he or she thinks to be the most favorable from the cards which are turned up. The game then begins with the non-dealer and is carried on the same as in an ordinary game of whist. You must follow suit if you can. As soon as the card which is exposed is played and the trick on which it is played is taken up, the card underneath is turned up and the game is continued until this process causes all the cards to be exposed, but not, however, until long toward the close of the game. Consequently there is always enough uncertainty about the strength of your own hand and that of your opponent's to give plenty of opportunity for careful and thoughtful playing. Every trick taken over twelve counts as one point, and the game is usually ten points, although any number of points can be played. The game has not been introduced very extensively at present, and in many whist clubs it is practically unknown. Where the game originated is unknown, but if played properly it will be found to be very interesting.—Boston Globe.

A Cure for Headache.

"An excellent and never-failing cure for nervous headache," said an apostle of physical culture, "is the simple act of walking ackward. Just try it sometime if you have any doubt about it. I have yet to meet the person who didn't acknowledge its efficacy after a trial. Nobody has yet discovered or formulated a reason why such a process should bring certain relief. Physicians say that it is probably because the reflex action of the body brings about a reflex action on the brain, and thus drives away the pain that when produced by nervousness is the result of too much going forward. As soon as you begin to walk backward, however, there comes a feeling of everything being reversed, and this is followed by relief. The relief is always certain and generally speedy. Ten minutes is the longest I have ever found necessary. An entry, or a long narrow room makes the best place for such a promenade. You should walk very slowly, letting the ball of your foot touch the floor first and then the heel, just the way, in fact, that one should, in theory, walk forward, but which, in practice, is so rarely done. Besides curing nervous headache, there is no better way to learn to walk well and gracefully forward than the practice of walking backward. A half hour of it once a day will do wonders towards improving the gait of any woman."—New York Evening Sun.

Shorthand and Prolixity.

"The general employment of stenographers and typewriters," said a business man, "has effected a great saving of time, but it has a tendency to develop prolixity. A man can dictate a page easier than he can write four sentences. In the days before typewriters he would have expressed himself with much more credit and clearness in the four sentences. I am afraid the old-fashioned business letter, which was a model of compact expression, is passing away."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Toads Like the Electric Light.

Toads in the parks have discovered that the electric light is a great purveyor to their simple wants, and they frequent the territory in the vicinity of the lights to gather up the moths, bugs and other insects which perish there every night.—Chicago Times-Herald.

WANDS AND THINGS.

Irish moss is a fine seaweed.

Indigo is the sap of the indigofera.

Prunes are prepared fruit of small trees.

Senna is the dried leaves of the cassia bush.

White pepper is made from the ripe berry.

Carraway is the seed of a common wild plant.

Dates are dried and prepared fruit of the date palm.

Musk is obtained from a cell in the male musk deer.

Raisins are sun-dried grapes of a peculiarly luscious variety.

Rattan is the shaft of a reed-like growth of the East Indies.

Cardamon is the ripe seed of several varieties of tropical plants.

Camphor is contained in the wood and the root of the East Indies.

Sago is a dry, granulated starch imported from the East Indies.

Turpentine is a balsam which flows from some varieties of pine.

Hemp is yielded in the same manner as flax, but it is much coarser.

Isinglass is a very pure form of gelatine made from portions of fish.

Black pepper is made from the unripe, dried berry of the pepper shrub.

Iceland moss is a lichen (plant) found especially in Norway and Iceland.

Figs are dried and skillfully prepared fruit that looks much like the pear.

Amber is a fossil found in the sea and sometimes on the banks upon the shore.

Allspice is made from the fruit of the pimento tree. The seed is much like the pea.

Vanilla is made from beans that grow upon a vine that clings to trees and rocks.

Gamboge is a yellow gum which flows freely from the gamboga tree of the East Indies.

Saffron is the dried stigma of the common yellow crocus which grows in our gardens.

Mace is the blossom of the nutmeg tree, and is prepared by being immersed in salt water.

Sponges are a vegetable like animal that grows in the rocks in the depths of the sea.

Cork is the outer rind of the cork-oak.

Ginger is the dried root-stalk of the ginger plant.

Cocoa is made from the fruit of the cocoa tree, fermented five days in heaps, or in earthen vessels.

Cinnamon is the inner rind of the cinnamon tree. The bark of the young shoots is the best.

Neats-foot oil is the soft fat produced in the preparation of the feet and intestines of oxen for the market.

Linseed is the seed of flax. They are smooth, shining, brown, oblong, and have a whitish, sweetish kernel.

Nutmegs are the stone of fruit found in a fleshy hull. They are prepared by being nulled, dried and immersed in a solution of lime and salt water.

Emery is the fine particles of a mineral—emery—and is prepared by heating to a high degree and cooling suddenly with water and then crushing.

Cream of tartar is the refined crust or sediment formed in the interior of wine vats and wine bottles, existing primarily in the juice of the grape.

Gutta-percha is the milky sap of the isonandra gutta trees of the East Indies.

Flax is the fibrous material yielded from the stalk of the flax plant.

Madder is the root of an herb-like growth. It is about the size of a lead pencil, and much longer. It is cleansed, dried and ground. It is a dye stuff.

The tamarind is the marrow in the pod-like fruit of the Indian tamarind tree. It is a dark brown mass, and is generally mixed with the seeds and fibres of the fruit.

Gelatine is the carefully prepared jelly of the gelatinous tissues of certain animals, mostly from the softer parts of the hides of oxen and calves and the skin of sheep.

Logwood is the marrow of a peculiar tree in the West Indies. It is shipped in long, thick pieces of firm, heavy dark red wood. It is split up and moistened by water or acid for use.

Litmus is produced from lichens which grow on the shores of the Mediterranean. The lichens are ground, moistened, and treated with potash, lime and ammonia, and converted into dough. It is then fermented, and afterward mixed with plaster of Paris, and dried and pressed.

Caoutchouc (Indian rubber) is obtained from the milky secretion of various trees and climbing plants of South America. The bark of the tree is thoroughly cleansed, after which they cut through the bark and let the milky sap run into clay troughs or hollow pumpkins. The sap is then dried. For practical use it is cooked for two or three hours. It is finally given chemical treatment—vulcanized.

THE PROBLEM OF THE [illegible]

PUBLIC ATTENTION NOW CONCENTRATED UPON DR. NANSEN'S [illegible]

He May Succeed Where Peary Has Failed—Perhaps He Is Now Drifting Across the Pole—A Swedish Explorer Will Try to Reach the Pole in a Balloon.

Now that Peary has returned from the Arctic, defeated in his attempt to reach the Pole, public attention will concentrate upon Dr. Nansen's expedition. Peary accomplished much for science, and penetrated further into the frozen zone by the Greenland route than any other explorer has done, but he left the problem of the Pole as profound a mystery as ever.

So far as the world has knowledge, the first voyage into the Polar seas was that of Eric the Red, in the year 1000. In 1497 Cabot discovered Labrador. Sir Hugh Willoughby began in 1553 the celebrated struggle for the Northwest Passage which gave Polar exploration its greatest impetus. In the attempt to find the Northeast and Northwest passages Willoughby (who lost his life in

The Fram.

the Arctic region, as became a pioneer in this most hazardous of all avenues of exploration) was followed by Sir Martin Frobisher, by Davis, by Henry Hudson and by many others of less note down to our own times.

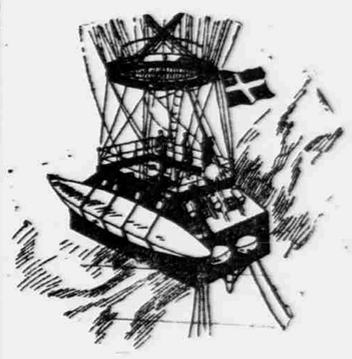
The disastrous outcome of Sir John Franklin's attempt in 1845 to penetrate from Lancaster Sound to Behring Straits did not deter but rather stimulated explorers, and as a result of the attempt begun by Willoughby in 1553 the Northeast Passage was actually completed by Nordenskiold in 1879. He was followed in 1889 by Capt. Wiggins, who made a trading voyage to the Yenessei River in Siberia, "opening up a new route of great importance to commerce." The passage around North America was made by Capt. McClure in 1850, though in a very indirect way. He was frozen in the ice with his ship, and after passing the winter was rescued by Sir Edward Belcher, who had entered from the Atlantic side. For this achievement Capt. Belcher was knighted and £10,000 was voted to him and his crew by the English Parliament.

In all attempts to reach the North Pole the West Greenland route has been the favorite. It was followed by Kane in 1853, by Hayes in 1860, by Hall in 1871, by Nares in 1876, and by Greely in 1881-1884 when by means of overland sledging Lieut. Lockwood reached the nearest point to the Pole ever attained. This point, however, was only 83 degrees and 24 minutes of north latitude—only about fifty miles further north than Capt. Parry penetrated in 1827.

There is absolutely no means of knowing what has become of Capt. Nansen. He may have been swallowed up in the ice, or may be even now drifting in his staunch vessel, the Fram, across the Pole. It is two years ago, on August 3, 1893, that Nansen bade good-by to the friends who had accompanied him as far as they dared, at Chabarowa, in the Strait of Jugor, Siberia, and turned the prow of his boat toward the Pole. The pack ice soon surrounded him, and he drifted, with his hardy companions, from sight. Will it be forever?

Nansen's boat, the Fram, was provisioned for five years. He expected to drift across the Pole, and reach South Greenland, in about three years. It will be another year before serious doubt will be entertained for his safety. Whether or not Nansen perishes, Arctic exploration will go on.

A new expedition is now being organized with the design of reaching the



An Artic Balloon.

Pole by balloon. The projector is Prof. S. A. Anderson, a distinguished Swedish scientist and aeronaut.

He is now in Paris superintending the construction of the balloon. It will contain sleeping rooms for three persons, and a dark room for photograph purposes. It will be equipped with a set of sails which will serve to keep it under control and propel it, and a boat, or gondola, of considerable size, will be carried.

A great number of heavy cables will be provided so that in case the balloon should suddenly sink it will be relieved of weight by the contact of the lines with the earth. It is intended to make the trip, starting from Spitzbergen and crossing the Pole to the shores of Behring Strait, next year, in June, when the atmospheric conditions are most favorable to aerial navigation.

A heavy snowstorm would probably be disastrous to the balloon, but in the early summer they are infrequent. It is estimated that not more than a week will be consumed en voyage. The fact that the ice which surrounds the Pole and has been an unsurmountable barrier to ships will not have to be taken into consideration constitutes one of the chief reasons for believing that a balloon expedition may succeed where those by vessel have been failures.

Solved at Last.

A woman takes the stand that every man must love some woman, and when her husband shows signs of coolness she begins looking around for the other man.—Atchison Globe.

In England one of the advances is the openi[illegible] examinations at O[illegible]